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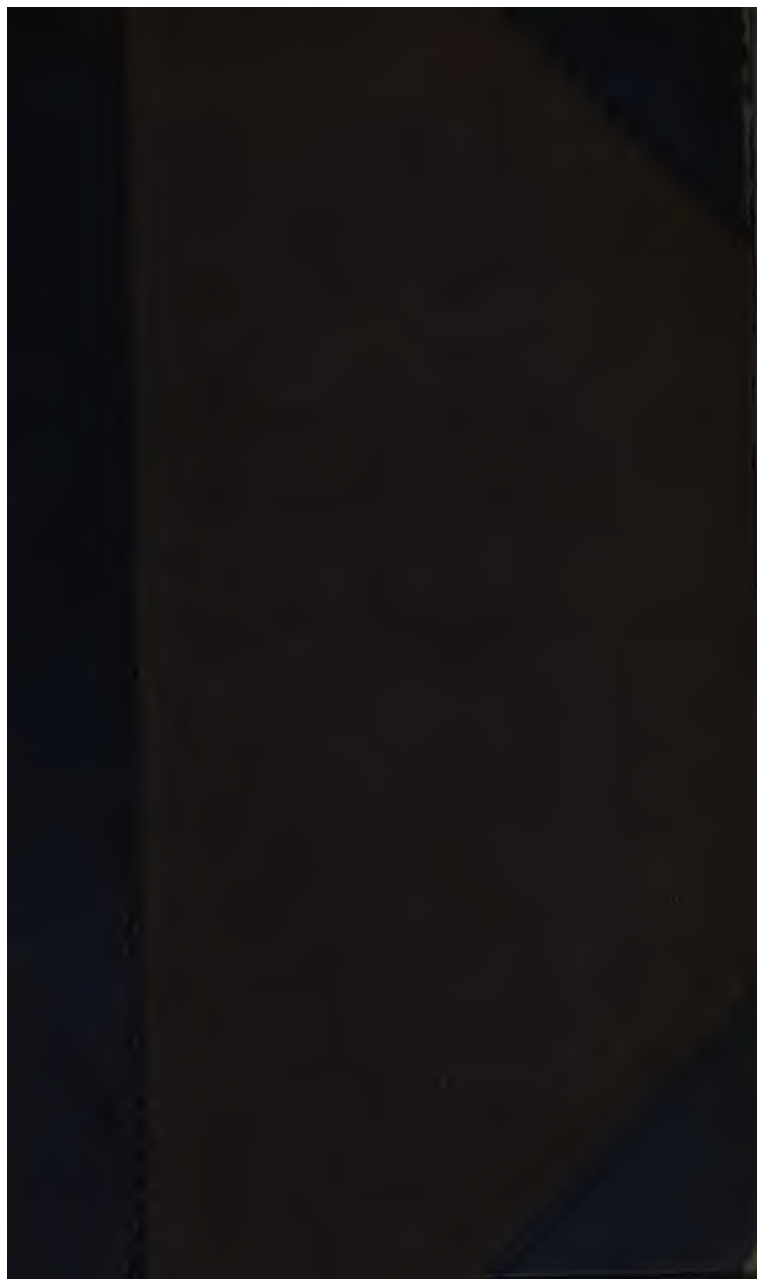
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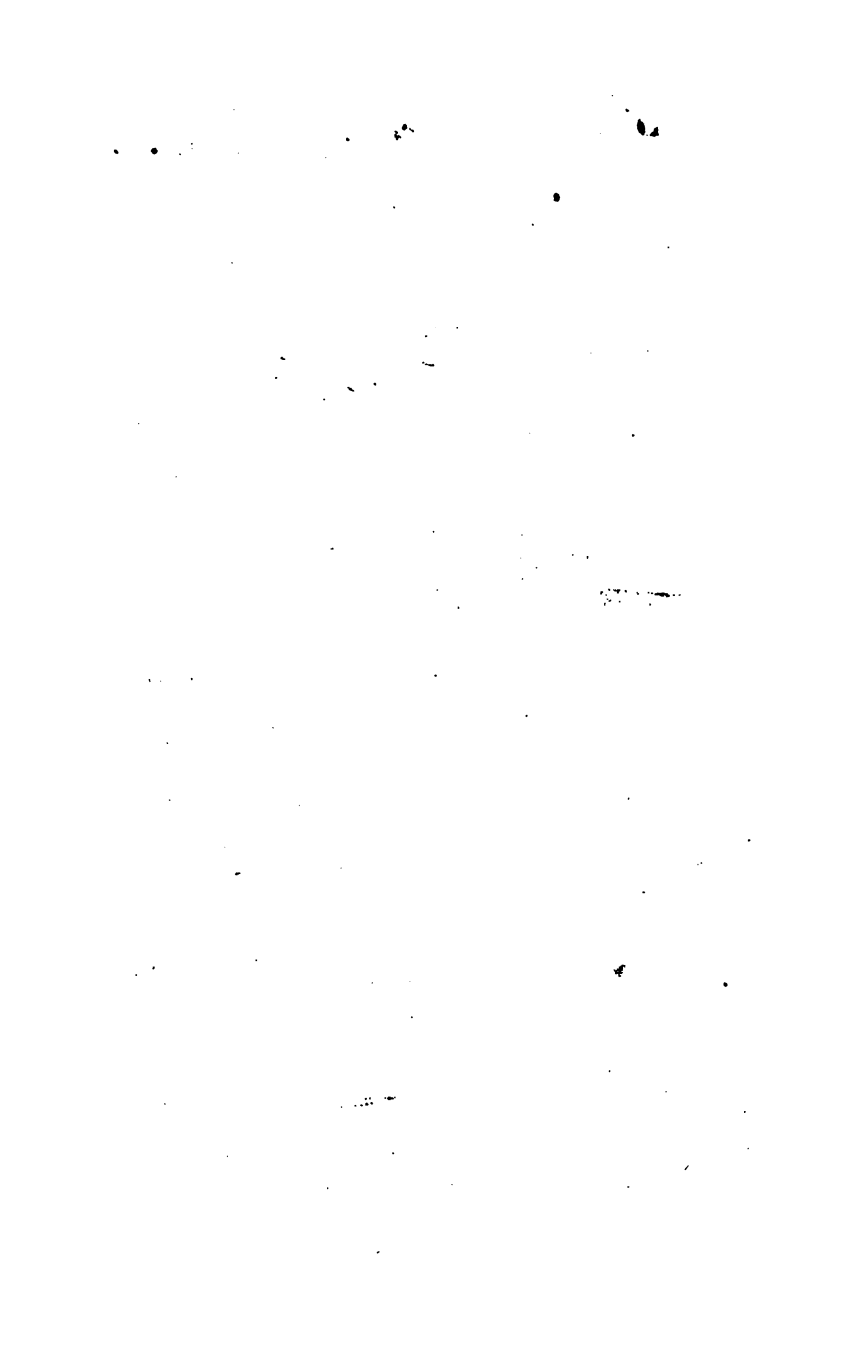




L Coon Jan 22 185
Book

Miss Burnett.
from J. H. L.

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Landon (don)

HARVEST;

AND

Other Poems.

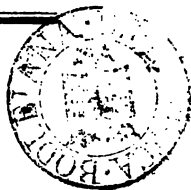
BY ROBERT STOREY,
RODDAM.

Berwick:

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1818.



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CONTENTS.

PREFACE	5
Prefatory Lines	7
Introduction	9
HARVEST, Canto 1.	13
Albert's Character, 15.—Character of Anna, 17				
—Sylvander's Character, 19.—Edward and Jessy,				
22.—Character of Mary Nelson, 24.—Ellen of				
Roddam, 26.—Anna's Song, 41.—Farewell, 43				
HARVEST, Canto 2.	49
Norman's Story, 61.—Conclusion				
	87

Miscellaneous Pieces.

On the Death of the Princess Charlotte	...	91
Song	...	93
—	...	94
The Beacon	...	95
The Rose	...	98

Absence	99
Tweed	101
The Parting	103
Epigram	104
Hymn	105
Anna's Departure	106
To Miss B.	108
Epistle to Miss —	109
On Miss D——'s Marriage	114
Heroism	115
On the Death of a Young Lady	117
Sacred to the Memory of the Author's Father	118
A Winter Night	119
Distraction	120
The Bard	122
The Maid of Tweed	124
Epitaph, intended for W. T.	126
Elegy on the same	127
Lines	130
The Invitation. To Mr —	131
To Aurelia	133
Aurelia's Departure	135
The Author's Parting Address to his Book	138

PREFACE.



A YOUTH, unlettered and unpatronized, ventures to approach the tribunal of the Public. He does not come forward with the hope of lasting fame ; in him such a hope were presumption. Appearing at a time when the ~~glorious~~ productions of a SCOTT and a BYRON justly engross the attention of the lovers of Poetry, perhaps the best he ought to expect is degrading censure or contemptuous silence. Let time decide.—He has ranged Cheviot for the wild flowers of the mountain ; the lea and the forest for the daisy and primrose ; and the field of HARVEST for the emblems of plenty. He has bound them together. He presents the little offering to the Public. And though the mixture should be found too irregular, or the arrangement, in some respects, defective ; his Posey, perhaps, will not be deemed altogether unlovely, but suffered to blossom its day. The Public may assure themselves that he offers it with a heart as fondly beating with desire to please, as theirs who have rifted the “ Gardens of Gul in her bloom.”

PREFATORY LINES.



**"NOT Publish!—Then say that you went throw
along,**

**The scenery of Roddam the lustre of Song,
Till her name shall at home and abroad be ador'd,
As fam'd for her Poet as late for her Lord."***

**I am curs'd with the feelings, you, flatt'rer, know it,
Without the abilities meet for a Poet :**

**And although other treatment 'twere mad to expect,
I tremble for censure, but more for neglect.**

**For the Sons of our age have all others outshone,
Unrival'd by all but the Grecian alone.**

**——'Twas late when I wander'd beneath the night-
heaven ;**

**With deep roaring thunder the mountains seem'd
riven ;**

• Admiral Roddam:

While wide flash'd the light'ning terrificly grand,
 And wrapp'd and discover'd, by turns, sky and land !
 Think you I'd forego such a scene, to survey
 A cot's feeble taper diffuse its poor ray ?
 And can they who have revel'd in lux'ry divine,
 Of SCOTT or of BYRON, taste rapture of mine ?
 "Why not ? Though I grant theirs the Lightning of
 Song,

In lightning and tempest I would not be long.
 I love, too, on gay-blossom'd banks to recline,
 Where melody warbles, and streamlets repine,
 To enjoy the cool shade from the fervours of noon,
 And with beauty to roam by the light of the moon.
 Your themes are not high, nor contemptibly low ;
 No hen flutters there, and no duckling cries ' woe !'
 No unfortunate cat sprawls his last in your rhyme ;
 No mad-running whirligig clicks treble time ;
 No Christian, expiring 'mid battle's alarms,
 Thanks Jove for the vict'ry that favour'd his arms."
 Did all think like you, one perhaps might—" Fear
 not ;

Attempt ;—if you fail, be resign'd to your lot ;
 At last it is only to perish—forgot."

HARVEST.

Introduction.

HARVEST approach'd,—her milder sun
Shone lovely o'er the mountains dun,
The heath empurpled bank and down,
And far as eye from Cheviot's crown,
 Could sweep around the land.
In green no more—the rip'ning corn,
Did sweetly all the fields adorn,
And yellow to the blushing morn,
 Bade border vales expand !

Their hooks, on arm or shoulder hung,
The wed, the single, old and young,
 March'd to the fields of glee ;
On ev'ry side, in beauty rare,
Tweed pour'd in crowds her merry fair,
 With Beaumont's peasantry ;

Echo'd the glen, the banks of Till,
And Breamish' sides, and Cheviot hill,
To rustic revelry !

Inspir'd by novelty—the joy
Which peasants feel, ah ! why destroy,
Ye masters grasping hard ?
Why, with oppression's iron hand,
Cramp these poor vassals of command,
These sons of disregard ?

Though many a gen'rous farmer reigns,
Mild and belov'd on border plains,
The heart, exulting, owns ;
Yet some there are—it bleeds to say—
Who deem themselves made but to sway
O'er wretches form'd of rougher clay ;
Beneath the grievous loads they lay,
Poor, patient Labour groans !

Oh Heaven ! of such Northumbria weed,
Till, from the Tyne to lovely Tweed,
She smile in conscious bliss ;
Till ev'ry peasant serve a lord
Less fear'd than honour'd and ador'd,
And such as Albert is !

Albert ! forgive the lowly lay
That fain the virtues would pourtray
Which gild thy calm career ;
Which draw the peasant's grateful gaze,
Like yonder sun whose ev'ning rays,
Wood, vale, and mountain cheer !

Oh ! with thy mind, devotion-taught,
Congenial raise thy Poet's thought
To subjects more divine !
Teach me to find that bosom-glow,
Caught by Religion's sacred flow,
Which makes indeed a heav'n below,
A happiness like thine !

That, scorning every mean reward,
I may the dignity of Bard
Unshrinkingly assert ;
Sing the green earth, the rolling sea,
The heaven's blue concavity,
And pour, with rapture's energy,
Devotion on the heart !

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HARVEST.

CANTO FIRST.

SWEET smil'd the morn from Bewick fells,
On fair Roddamia's greenwood dells,
And bade the rising vapours redden,
O'er Dunmoor* wild, and heathy Heddin.*
The corn fields; yellow, deep, serene,
By hawthorn hedge and forest green,
Seem'd to invite, with mellow smile,
The jovial reaper-band to toil.

5

Rous'd by good Albert's mild command,
Calder sent forth her reaper band—
A motely group ! the village maid,
By Neatness' simple hand array'd,
Here sweetly smil'd ; the youthful hind
Here jested blithe with vacant mind ;

10

* Two hills on the east from Cheviot.

Here wedded life, and age were seen, 15
 With calmer glee to tread the green.
 —Rapt into pleasures past, again
 I view the gaily-marching train,
 Through eastern wood as sunbeams dance,
 And fair on Calder's windows glance, 20
 I see them pass the lea along,
 And hear the jest, and frequent song!
 Come, then, celestial glow of soul,
 Whose raptures have so often stole
 My fancy softly on; 25
 At ev'ning calm, or morning gay,
 Or when still midnight's solemn ray
 In pensive beauty shone!
 But most when lovely Anna smil'd
 I felt thy sacred pow'r 30
 Inspirit every love note wild,
 That sung the peerless Flow'r.
 Oh, come! and while the lightsome throng
 To fields of Roddam hie,
 Select the chief that train among 35
 To live through all, and grace my song—
 Ah! not to last through ages long,
 But with their names to die!

ALBERT'S CHARACTER.

By pious parents train'd from youth
To pure devotion, and to truth, 40
Albert the path of virtue trod,
The friend of man—the child of God.
His was not Fortune's golden store,—
She gave enough, though little more,
But in a lovely, virtuous wife, 45
Fair beam'd his pleasure-star of life.
Six comely babes to him she bore,
And happiness, but once before
That smil'd on earth, to Calder giv'n,
Seem'd to have left her native heav'n, 50
As if mistaking this serene
For sinless calm, for Eden's scene!
But ah, chang'd doom! the calm is done!
Woe-clouds o'ercast so bright a sun!
Like lily, nipp'd by bitter gales, 55
His Ellen dies—and Albert wails!
His little children, weeping round,
Would wake *Mammā* from slumber sound—
Alas! she hears not grief express'd—
Sees not her Albert's tortur'd breast, 60
That vainly strives to check the flow
Of deep, of unavailing woe!

The mournful sounds those echoes bore,
Which never heard a sigh before !

Celestial friend ! Religion, hail !
Delightful cheerer of the vale ! 65

When fate's deep-black'ning tempests howl,
'Tis thou alone canst calm the soul !

When chill'd with anguish and dismay,
We watch the ling'ring life away, 70
'Tis thine to show the blissful shore

Where friends shall meet to part no more !

Time and Religion's aid at last
Their veil expanded o'er the past.

Less keen was felt the bosom-throe,
And ceas'd the frequent tear to flow. 75

A sister, long to him endear'd,
With pious care his children rear'd !

Domestic happiness serene,
Began once more to gild the scene ; 80
And cheerfulness, with smiling face,
To reign the mistress of the place.

Such Albert was ; free, kind, sedate,
The good man's boast, the tyrant's hate,
Beloved by all within his land, 85
The Master of the reaper band.

CHARACTER OF ANNA.

The fairest of the female train
(Confess'd by every maid and swain,)
Was Anna. Fair indeed was she ;
Sweet innocence, and modesty 90
Beam'd in each look—which charm'd the good—
The rake repented as he view'd,
Of virtuous beauty own'd the pow'r,
And would be chaste for Calder's Flow'r !
Ah ! why was e'er sweet Anna's lot 95
The labouring peasant's humble cot ?
For sure, that black eye, beaming bright,
That lovely cheek, and neck of light,
That form of finest symmetry,
That angel motion, sprightly, free, 100
Might well have joy diffus'd o'er all,
In brightest room of courtly hall !
Led by the moon, o'er moor and glen,
Have often come the Cheviot men,
The blithest they that wear the plaid, 105
And favourites of each rural maid.
Anna alone their suit denied —
Their simple tales she could deride ;

●

In vain they knew, with graceful arm,
The plaid to throw—it fail'd to charm. 110
To her though hope's illusive tongue
Of higher fortune never sung ;
In lovely Anna there was more
Than ever cottage saw before.
When hill and vale in beauty smil'd, 115
As fell the beams of ev'ning mild;
When glow'd the clouds along the sky,
And wak'd the forest-melody.
So gaily look'd her sparkling eye,
And thoughts so novel utter'd she. 120
As spoke a fancy, lively, fine—
Which, if illum'd by learning's shine,
May yet, in spite of penury's pow'r,
Give fame to Calder's lovely Flow'r,
And future ages bless the lays 125
Sweet sung by her on Cheviot braes.
Lo ! how she smiles amid the throng;
Hark ! is it not fair Anna's song ?
Yes—as her heart from sorrow free,
She pours the simple melody. 130
Ceas'd now the countless notes that rung,
The lasses list her sweeter tongue ;

Canto 1. **HARVEST.** 19

The youth of Calder move along,
And bless the maid, and bless her song!
Yes! all admire, but *one* adores! 135
Mark, as her song sweet Anna pours,
How speaks that glance, his inward flame!
Sylvander is the stripling's name.

SYLVANDER'S CHARACTER.

Full twenty times had Winter snell,
His tempests blown o'er Cheviot Fell; 140
As often spring had green'd the tree,
Since smil'd the youth in infancy.

He pass'd his childhood's sportive days,
On banks of Tweed and Beaumont braes,
And where, beneath the southern hill, 145
Fair Ewart shines beside the Till.

These lovely scenes, now sung so long,
Attun'd his infant mind to song,
And gave a joy to after days
Which poverty could ne'er craze. 150

For oh! 'twas all his pleasure still
To wake the harp by dale and hill,
And paint the feelings, fervid, warm,
When love sublimed each maiden charm!

And long shall Roddam's daughters sing 155
The strains Sylvander taught the string.

When winter over plain and steep
Had thrown his mantle white and deep;
How grand, he deem'd, at night's calm noon,
To walk beneath the lovely moon, 160
As high amid her starry show,
She smil'd upon a land of snow !
While not a breeze was heard to stir
Roddamia's woods of gloomy fir ;
His hoary branches stretch'd the oak 165
In silent grandeur o'er the rock ;
And Cheviot seem'd, in snowy pride,
Among the stars his head to hide !

When Spring, with fairy hand began,
In all her hues, to paint the lawn; 170
To bid the forest smile again,
And birds resume the rapture-strain;
Wherever spread yon alders dank
Above the riv'let's grassy bank,
Oft has the wand'rer of the dean, 175
(Conceal'd among the foliage green,)
Beheld his eye in raptures roll
As Fancy lighten'd on his soul ;

Canto 1. **HARVEST.** **21**

And often fear'd the flying gale
Might waft, unheard, the tender tale! **180**

 Elate with hope—elate in vain!
Our Bard had left his native plain,
To seek promotion in the vale,
Where Aire's* soft murmurs load the gale.
Too proud to cringe to shallow Pride, **185**
Too proud a Pedan'ts sneer to bide,
His parting tear indignant burn'd,
And to Northumbria he return'd.

 And now twelve months away have flown
Since first to him was Anna known; **190**
That charmer of the rural scene,
In all the bloom of seventeen,
Soon caught his heart; for none could view
That maid, and not adore her too!
She caught his heart—but felt her own, **195**
Before she knew her conquest, gone.
Oh glorious time of bliss and love!
Sweet foretastè of the joys above!
When, from each frigid doubt estrang'd,
Hearts, mutually dear, are interchang'd **200**

* A river in Yorkshire.

Sternly against the flights of wit,
 Jests all but Mary safe might hit;
 But here, a single look forbade,
 And pleasantry retir'd dismay'd! 293
 Yet those who, like our lovers, would
 Divert her from her sullen mood,
 Had nought to do, but notice take
 Of fav'rite Tray, with stroak or cake,
 And then a heart more kind and good 300
 Ne'er felt the throb of gratitude.

ELLEN OF RODDAM.

Thy hall, Roddamia! glancing sheen
 From forth thy woods of varied green,
 Now rises to the reapers' view,
 And to its task thy steeple true, 305
 Now chimes the hour of seven aloud.—
 Who comes from thence to join the crowd?
 Her smirking smile, her rosy face,
 Her fluster'd dress, and sturdy pace
 Well do the laughing youngsters know— 310
 "Here comes the virgin! O—huroe!"
 A maiden she—though many tell—
 Yet many frame a falsehood well.

Enough for me, who dare not stand
Her advocate against a band, 315

She bore a virgin's honour'd name,
But rather deem'd its honour shame.
For now, full twenty summers gay
Have seen her stand in wedlock's way,
Unnotic'd oft, while meaner eyes 320
And blaer cheeks have caught the prize.

Yet blasted hope reblossom'd still,
And not a lad, on dale or hill,
No lowland youth, or mountain swain,
But would of her to wife be vain! 325

All news she had, and added too,
Which shepherd's cot, or village knew.
What courtships had of late begun;
What old ones now (she smil'd) were done;
What maiden had resign'd the name, 330
Scandal her pleasure, and her aim.

Smoothly and slyly could she find
The secrets of another's mind,
And when acquainted with the cause
Why neighbours were with neighbours foes, 335
Eager she mov'd the springs of ire,
And blew the kindling spark to fire;

Then unsuspected inly joy'd
To see her arts so well employ'd.
Or if, by chance to air it came
That Ellen's lies had rais'd the flame,
Deeply might kindle Anger's cheek,
But ne'er to her might Anger speak;
She pour'd of epithets such store,
Told all she knew, and fabled more,
That few or none durst e'er resent
Affront by Roddam's virgin lent.

Yet in the Harvest's joyous field
The soul of mirth was Ellen held.
To her the merry youngsters drew;
Their jests to her the married threw:
In his first harvest, e'en the boy
Beheld her join the band with joy,
And welcom'd to the field with shout
The fear and wonder of the rout!

These are the chief, but following these
A various crowd the Poet sees,
To share in Harvest toils and gains
They come from distant hills and plains,
Where Teviot crystals o'er her bed,
From Tweedmouth, and the banks of Jed,

And, further far, where surges roar
Around, O Skie! thy misty shore.

Now all arriv'd—by Albert set—
Three on each ridge the reapers met. **365**

With Anna, blooming as the spring,
Sylvander led the foremost wing,
And Mary, who oft blest her case,
Beside the pair to gain a place.

Next Edward brought his ridge along; **370**

Here Roddam's virgin, stale and strong,
Smil'd at his left, and Jessy fair
Stood prompt his dexter side to bare.

Behind, and next to these again,
Two ridges wait the Tweedmouth train; **375**

And farther still the soldier stood
Whose harmless weapon ne'er drank blood,
Whom fate ne'er sent from home afar
To try his chance in ranks of war,
Still in dear red he casts a dash. **380**

Next, smutty from his hasty wash,
His ponderous bulk the blacksmith rears;
And next the joiner's form appears;
Ruddy and young, he leaves his shade,
And smiles beside his fav'rite maid. **385**

Last, join'd with two, stands mournful by
Poor Norman from the Isle of Skie ;
Alone he seem'd, though with a crowd,
And sad though laughter wak'd aloud ;
But none as yet made comfort flow, 390
None knew to soothe the stranger's woe !

Thus, in long order, stand the group,
Heads after heads, successive, stoop ;
Rustles along the falling corn,
The rising shocks salute the morn ; 395
Light fly the jests, the harmless wiles,
And laughter rings, and beauty smiles !
Their mirth upon the breezes swell,
Rung sweetly to the sunny dell,
Where many a warbler pour'd his strain, 400
And sweetly sent to them again.

Fair Anna smiling sweet I see,
Sylvander wears an air of glee,
And many a love-taught art he tries
To ease the form that by him plies ;— 405
Oh, happy youth ! whose every art
Was more than paid with such a heart !

The morn's cool breeze, expanding now,
Blew warm on every reaper's brow,

Canto 1. **HARVEST.** **31**

And, sounding far to field and glen, **410**
 Roddamia rung the hour of ten.

Prompt at the moment, Albert bade
 The toiling hooks aside be laid.

At once they cease, and, stretch'd at ease,
 Devour their forenoon bread and cheese ; **415**

While from each ridge, along the rout,
 By fits resound the laugh and shout ;
 With frequent song, and loving smile,
 Which soon the short half hour beguile.

Good Albert's voice is heard again ; **420**
 Bestir the slow, reluctant train ;

And o'er the field, from wing to wing,
 Fast falls the corn, the sickles ring ;
 A merry bustle ! all the while
 Sweet lasses jest, and lasses smile. **425**

Behind, the cheerful bindsters ply,
 And proudly rear their shocks on high,
 While oft with jest and leering eye,

 Some lovely maid they stay,
 As, sweet, she turns with loaded hand, **430**

She feels it grasp'd within the band
 A moment forc'd, unseen, to stand,

 She, smiling, walks away.

Not force, but choice draws me to wield 480

A reaper's hook in Albert's field,

To see my grounds have justice done :

For yonder hall, so bright with sun,

Yes—Roddam Hall is mine, by will,

With all the lands of Tankerville. 485

—Nay laugh not ! for my kinsman brave

To Roddam* all his riches gave,

And bade that I, who on my knee

Had danc'd the warrior's infancy,

His heiress, these possessions claim, 490

Long to perpetuate the name.

Ceas'd Roddam's name in Roddam now,

To Nelson of Nelson all must bow."

At once she heard such laughter burst—

She blush'd not—though she inly curs'd. 495

For Roddam's Ellen sign had sent,

And to her speech all ears were lent.

She stoop'd and cut, and stoop'd again,

Till ceas'd the laughing of the train ;

Then, rising, thus in lower tone 500

Once more her reverie went on ;

* She means the late Admiral Roddam.

Canto 1.**HARVEST:****35**

“ They mock—but ye, so happy pair !

Shall yet be blest in Mary’s care.

The best of food in Nelson’s hall

Shall, ready, soon attend your call.

505

And of the silks of Trafalgar

My gallant kinsman gain’d in war

The fairest, Anna, shall be thine,

And in a hall as grand as mine,

(Built on the bank of yonder dell,)

510

Shalt thou and thy Sylvander dwell.”

Upon her lover turn’d her eye,

And half on Mary, smiling sly,

Sweet Anna thank’d her generous care,

And wish’d her soon her heirship fair.

515

Blithe smil’d Sylvander too, the while

He saw his lovely Anna smile ;

But when she turn’d her footstep light,

And hid her beauteous eyes so bright,

As stoop’d she to the ridge again,

520

The neatest reaper of the train,—

He thought the whimsies that beguil’d

The toils of Mary not more wild

Than those himself had felt inspire

His bosom, ever prone to fire !

525

'Tis true his prayers did never soar
For splendid hall, or golden store ;
The wish, the dearest to his heart
To dwell with love in cot apart :
But then his hopes of lasting fame ; 530
Ages unborn to boast his name ;
Perhaps with awe to seek the vale,
Where oft his harp had charm'd the gale ;
With rev'rence tread the very wild
Where first he lov'd, and Anna smil'd ; 535
Or view her cottage, whither oft,
With heart that throbb'd, and eye that glanc'd
High rapture, as his steps advanc'd,
Had he repair'd at moonlight soft ;—
As wildly vain Sylvander knew. 540
He on the future turn'd his view,—
There he beheld, with blasting rage,
Censure ! thy fires consume his page ;
And from the lovely book of Fame
Oblivion's hand erase his name ! 545
A madd'ning thought !—his reverie
Was broke by many a voice of glee.
For now from far the steeple's chime
Had rung the hour of resting-time,

And jolting down the neighb'ring road, 550

The cart its kegs and baskets show'd.

Each reaper, tir'd of heat and hook,

Regards it with a blithsome look.

And slowly fill the sheaves, I ween,

And few the bands are made between, 555

And seldom moves each wistful eye,

Till the slow wheels are grazing nigh!

At length the tins froth to the brim,

By each is laid a wheaten loaf;

Albert's delays now cruel seem, 560

For almost drain'd the barrel-stream,

They drop their hooks and off—

See! how they crowd around the cheer,

Till wholesome draughts of cooling beer

Their burning thirst allay; 565

Sylvander rush'd among the rest,

And lovely Anna forward prest;

He chose a bap he deem'd the best,

And tipt the wink to stay.

She smiling understood the sign; 570

And never cup of rosy wine

Was heartier offer'd, heartier ta'en,
Than this, of ale, the maid and swain
 Exchang'd with humour gay !
Now part the group, as fancies please,
Some quaff their beer, reclin'd at ease,
 Beneath the standing grain,
Where infant clover, fresh and green,
Presents a cooling, grateful scene ;
Some make the yellow shocks their screen,
 And feel reviv'd again.

The blacksmith, soldier, and the hind,
A garrulous few ! are here combin'd.
Whose wives beside, (their dinner done)
Industrious sew or knit in sun,
Or list, by fits, with Mary old,
The warm debates their husbands hold.
They spoke of all that then rung through,
Of Wellington and Waterloo.
Some mourn'd the thousands there that bled,
And wish'd the ruthless Chieftain dead,
Whom wild ambition led again
To spill a nation's blood in vain !
Still heating as uncheck'd they go—
Doom the vile wretch to endless woe,

Would wish the regent mercy show

To old Britannia's fellest foe!—

Others as heartily execrate

Th' ungen'rous conduct of the state

That heard, with careless look and high,

600

The pray'r of fallen majesty!

Brook'd not to tread upon our shore

Such foot as never trod before;

But sent to exile, sad and far,

The wise in peace, the brave in war!

605

Amid a group of young and fair

(Herself by far the fairest there,)

Sweet Anna sat, her youth apart,

With glowing, but respectful heart,

Unseen, a glance of rapture stole

610

At the dear Idol of his soul!

There circled jests, unwont to fail,

And many a merry local tale,

Till fare was done, and tankards quaff'd,

And maidens smil'd, and youngsters laugh'd.

615

Now noisy mirth has done; each fair

Uncovering, combs her sunburnt hair.

The youths, delighted, mark the curls

Fall down their favourite's cheeks in swirls.

But still was cast the general view 620
 On Anna's locks of raven hue ;
 Now o'er her snowy brows that twin'd,
 Now, wanton, waving, hung behind ;
 Till, roll'd on high, and smoothly laid,
 Again reclin'd the lovely maid. 626

“ But who our lasses fair among
 Will welcome Harvest with a song ?”
 Was often by the crowd requir'd ;—
 From Anna's voice, the most admir'd,
 They begg'd to hear a fav'rite strain,— 630
 For well they knew her loving swain
 Had taught her all the tender lays
 Himself had sung in Beauty's praise.
 Oh! still the lovely blush I view,
 And my warm'd bosom beats anew— 635
 That lovely blush which deeper gave
 The rose-bloom o'er her cheek to wave,
 Confus'd, as in Sylvander's eye
 The glance of rapture she could spy,
 And, sweet, essay'd to find the air 640
 Of “ Armley's⁴ Flow'r that blooms so fair !”

⁴ Armley, a village in Yorkshire.

With wave and shout the tidings soon
Were carried through the scatter'd boon,
And young and old to Anna drew,
The aged ran, the youthful flew ; 645
E'en politicians ceas'd debate,
Resign'd Napoleon to his fate,
And, eager, join'd the impatient ring
To hear the lovely virgin sing !

ANNA'S SONG.

Once free in heart I rov'd the plain, 650
Nor minded flow'rs of beauty blooming ;
I careless wak'd the past'ral strain,
And thought not—knew not what was coming.
But love at last hath caught my heart ;
I feel, what once did ne'er alarm me ; 655
And she who causes all my smart,
Is the fairest Flower that blooms in Armley !

Though sweet the lowly daisy blows,
And sweet the heath-flow'r on the mountain ;
Though sweet the blooms the wild-brier shows, 660
And blue-bell by the chrystal fountain ;

Yet sweeter far the garden's pride,
The Rose, supremely does it charm me :
So shines my love o'er all beside,
The fairest Flower that blooms in Armley ! 661

In cold Misfortune's stormy vale,
Through life, alas ! I'm doom'd to wander ;
Not love itself should e'er prevail
To bid the fair resign her grandeur.
But were I king of nations wide, 670
Did all the sex aspire to charm me ;
I'd, raptur'd, stoop from all the pride,
And bless the Flower that blooms in Armley !

Her mellow voice so sweetly rung,
So sweet they deem'd the lay she sung, 675
With one accord applause they roar,
And beg another from her store.
The fair obey'd, and, to the throng,
Thus gave Sylvander's farewell song,
When, leaving Aire's soft banks, again 680
He sought his much-lov'd native plain.

FAREWELL.

How sweetly balm'd the gentle breeze
That whispers o'er the dewy leas,
While glimpsing through yon trembling trees,
The silent moon shines bonny ! 685

Eliza, come ! of maids the pride !
Once more we tread the dewy side
Of Aire, that leads her silver tide
Beneath the moonshine bonny.

Afar from friends that knew my youth, 690
I sought them here my woes to soothe ;
But thee—and honour, love, and truth,
Were fled these vales so bonny !

Eliza ! still to thee I stole—
Forgot the griefs that wrung my soul— 695
As walk'd we by the water's roll
When fell the moonshine bonny.

I sigh'd not then for Border stream,
For love and joy were all our theme,
And lost, the while, in rapture's dream, 700
Were thoughts of sorrow many.—

But now I bid these scenes farewell,
Where all the graces love to dwell ;
And thee, the fairest of the dell,
Where thousand maids are bonny ! 705

Northumbria's mountains lovely are,
And green her vales, expanding far,
Her sons are fam'd in glorious war,
Her daughters good and bonny.
I go—dear soother of my care ! 710
Farewell my sweet transcendent fair !
Long will I think on thee and Aire,
Where shone the moon so bonny !

Ceas'd her sweet voice ;—applauses loud
Re-thunder through the charmed crowd. 715
They die away ;—and many a strain
Alternate raise the maiden train.
Those airs a Ramsay's pipe had blown,
Those raptures that a Burns had known,
Here, true to nature's feelings, find 720
A living mirror in each mind.
Last Jessy, ask'd by all the train,
Awak'd thy lovely Flower, Dumblane !

Canto 1. **HARVEST.** 45

On the sweet air attention hung,
And when she ceas'd applauses rung. 725

With mirth and many a lovely lay
'Twas thus they sent the time away,
Till, in the field arriv'd again,
Good Albert rous'd to toil the train ! 729

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.



HARVEST.



Canto Second,



HARVEST.

Canto Second.

Now to their ridge each merry three
Repair'd once more from song and glee.
At once they stoop! from side to side **15**
The ring of sickles nimbly plied,

And rustling corn are heard ;
Successive sheaves are fill'd and bound,
Successive bands bestrew the ground,
The hooks, bright circling, still resound, **20**
And still the field is bared.

The corn is dropp'd from Anna's hand—
Why glance her eyes along the band ?
The bustle is begun !

Has lovely Anna, lost in thought, **25**
Or youthful Edward faster wrought ;
Was Nelson fir'd, by phrenzy taught,
Or did thy breast, with rapture fraught,
Sylvander ! bid thee run ?

'Twas on the left the harsher jar **30**
Of sickles spoke commencing war,
And anger mutter'd low ;

The soldier saw with jealous glance,
The blacksmith's ridge too far advance,
And held that ridge a foe ; **35**

And bore away ;—that motion soon
Like lightning glanc'd along the boon,
Till all, from side to side, was life,
Resentment, bustle, rage, and strife !

But still unbroken stretch'd the line,
And foot to foot the kempers join ;
Not one, though all were toiling keen,
To pass another yet was seen.

While Albert, walking slow behind,
Was long debating in his mind,

Whether at once to interfere,

And stop them in their hot career ;

Or leave them to themselves, to pay

With sweat the price of causeless fray.

But well he knew Sylvander's hand

Unskill'd the sickle to command ;

And Mary, though unknown to yield,

Was now unfit for bustling field :

Considerate, he resolv'd that toil,

Till o'er the headland rush'd turmoil,

Uncheck'd go on—unless their power

Outstrip the band of Calder's Flower.

For here e'en Albert gaz'd unseen,

And sigh'd—his Ellén such had been !

So often had recurr'd the thought,
A kind of tenderness it wrought
For the sweet maid ; and he could spy
Her form with scarce impartial eye.
That eye which beam'd respect to all
On her a kinder glance let fall,
And oh ! that glance, heart-sent, did tell
How fond he wish'd her ever well !

As when upon the side of Heddin
The nightly conflagrations redden ;
Before the west-wind, swift and strong,
The broad flame rages, grand ; along ;
Still fiercer blazes from beneath,
And—crackling—falls the sapless heath ;—
So, in their rage, the madd'ning train
Toil'd,—and so fell the rustling grain !

Sylvander, on ! a time to prove
Thy merits to returning love
Is come ! Oh, think what shame shouldst thou
Lose thine and Anna's honour now,
And cloud her ever-cheerful brow !
Thus thought he—and, with all his might
He plied beside his soul's delight :

That maid to whom all hearts must yield—
The pride, the grace of all the field ;
With whom to join the best were proud ;— 85
Were here the laziest clown allowed,
From temples of the laziest clown
Thou wouldst have seen the sweat run down :
For—who beside such charms could stand ?
Who would not toil with heart and hand ? 90

Thy virgin, Roddam ! striking strong
And eager, bore her part along ;
Edward exerted all his power ;
Sylvander toil'd, and Calder's Flower ;
Her furrow-brow sweet Jessy bared, 95
And Mary all youth's ardour shared,
“ Come on !” she cried, “ why stop afar ?
Come on—a Nelson offers war !”

Behind, and toiling fast as they,
Stripp'd to the shirt, his hat away, 100
Their bindster rear'd his shocks so frail,
They scarce might bide a gentle gale ;
Yet was he pleas'd to see his band
Now far the foremost bare the land.
For all behind, save Tweedmouth's train, 105
The kempers left had ceas'd to strain ;

But those, though yards from Edward sever,
Toil'd in pursuit as keen as ever !

With gesture odd, and smirking smile,
The Roddam Virgin stood,
And thus, in metaphoric style,
Her comrades laughing all the while,
Harangued them as she view'd :

“ Sylvander, ply ! and all your sail,
Spread, Anna, out, to catch the gale ;
In battle Nelson ne'er can fail ;—

On then, and bear away !
The Berwick Smacks are coursing nigh,
Their sails are out, their colours fly ;

They come—in triumph gay !
Oh ! had we been behind—to chase ;
Warm were the hindmost in the race,

And wish'd-for long the bay :
Our vessels—firm, expert, and sound,
Had run their feeble barks aground ;
And dash'd against the rocky shore,
Till sailors scorn'd to board them more.

Down, Anna, and at least retain
What space we have, or rather gain,—
Up, Calder, yet for aye !”

She wav'd her sickle round in air,
And merrily lilted "Calder Fair,"
Then stooping, with extended stride,
Struck boldly o'er the ridge's side !

Nor with less might the Tweedmouth band 135
And strokes far-sweeping, bared the land ;
Their faces glow'd with heat and ire,
Red in their eyes was seen the fire ;—
They heard, nor answered her harangue,
Save with the sickles' quicker clang ; 140
And bearing onward, doubly keen,
Till scarce an inch was left between,
With foot to foot they swept away,
And fired again the flagging fray !

The flame pours on !—Along the rank 145
The well-plied sickles faster clank :
For now they near the head-land drew,
Where stones lay thick, and thistles grew ;
And ere these stalks be level'd low
What wounds may ope, what blood may flow ? 150
Ye Farmers ! while your fields are green,
Oh, careful bid your virgins clean ;
Nor let one angry thistle tower,
To mar the glee of Harvest hour ;

Make some Sylvander's brow ungay, 155

Some lovely Anna lose the day!

'Twas thou, fair Anna! form'd to charm,

And Mary old, with ardour warm,

That young Sylvander's skillless arm

Did dext'rously supply! 160

And certain his defeat had been,

Had he the blood of Anna seen,

Instead of that which trickled sheen

From Nelson's hand—whose die,

Blushing upon her toil-clear'd hook, 165

And every handful that she took,

Though seen by her with careless look,

Caught Anna's pitying eye;

Sweet Anna's heart was good and kind,

And, heedless of the day, 170

Her fingers strove a cloth to find;

But Nelson gave it to the wind—

“Away, away, away!

What! stop me now—the end so nigh!

And what is blood to victory?” 175

She cried and join'd the fray.

Albert had seen the accident
And, inly flutter'd for th' event—
The word to stop the kemp just hung
Impatient on his trembling tongue ; 180
But when he saw them start again,
And still the foremost of the train,
He turn'd him from the bustling crowd,
And laugh'd at Mary long and loud !
The soldier heard his master's glee ; 185
The blacksmith rear'd his bulk to see ;
The joiner bade, with loving smile,
His fav'rite maid behold the toil ;
E'en pensive Norman, left afar,
Stood up and view'd the distant war ! 190
With zeal redoubled on they press ;
Thy foot, fair Anna ! treads the ness.
On, Anna, on ! thy nimble hand
Can best the circling blade command.
On ! swiftly stoop, and, stretching o'er, 195
With sweeping stroke lead down before ;
Thy gather'd handfuls, hurried, fling
Into Sylvander's ready string ;
Rough is thy ridge from brow to brow,
But Albert will excuse it now : 200

On, Anna, on !—'Tis done ! 'tis done !

The field is thine—the hedge is won !

The loveliest of the reaper-train

Had scarce a moment ceas'd to strain,

When the last rustling stalks were seen 205

To fall before their ardour keen.

So far at last old Mary struck,

Fast in the earth her sickle stuck ;

Edward rush'd out—and, high in glee,

Rodammia's maid cried " Victory !"—— 210

Yet not a minute did they stand

Ere sprung to end the Tweedmouth band.

Exchang'd is now the sickles' jar

For noisier tongues, and female war.

Now angry jest and jeer inflame, 215

On this, on that is flung the blame ;

While scandal stale, and private spite

Are brought, in all their grace, to light.

My song ! to polished ages thou

An humble debtor needst not bow ; 220

But for restraints which they impose,

What beauties shouldst thou here disclose !

Those oaths which awe the eastern deep,
When night-clouds lour, and tempests sweep,
And which, imported from afar, 225
Now thunder'd in the wordy war,
And chill'd with fear the village throng,
Should, sweetly number'd, flow in song !——
Half blithe, and half in vengeful mood,
Vexing, the Roddam virgin stood ; 230
And scarce could Anna's angel tongue,
Where peace's calming accents hung,
Restrain old Nelson's wrath, as kind
She strove her bleeding hand to bind !
Roddamia's steeple, ringing clear, 235
Was heard by few save Albert's ear ;
When "four o'clock !" he shouted loud,
And soon in groups reclin'd the crowd.

"When toil has steep'd in sweat the brow,
Oh rest, how truly sweet art thou !" 240
Thus spoke each kemper's heart, as they
On unbound sheaves extended lay
Before the sun's declining fire,
And felt their bodies warm perspire.

Beside the maids they lov'd with truth, 245
Sylvander and the Cheviot-youth
Confess'd a lover's bliss the while,
From whisper'd speech, and answering smile.
Till Albert, who did now prolong
The rest-time of the wearied throng, 250
The order gave to rise once more,—
"I trust"—he smiled—"the bustle's o'er.
And now your aid, ye first in war!
Be giv'n to them you left afar.
Thus, still if rage your breasts retain, 255
Thus shall you fairly start again.
But little fear of that I trow—
Sylvander, you and Anna, go,
And forward bring yon man of Skie.
The rest shall here their aid apply." 260
Slow at the word, arose the train;
Their toiling sickles clash'd again.
While, with his Anna, pass'd along
Roddamia's "Son of rural song,"
To where poor Norman, rais'd once more, 265
Unskill'd and feeble, forward bore.
Sylvander mark'd his visage dun,
Furrow'd and tawn'd by time and sun;

His hazle eyes, where erst had reign'd
A matchless lustre, yet retain'd **270**
A lively fire, that sparkled through
Their lashes long of sable hue.
Woe, want, and hardship's ruthless storm
Had sore unnerv'd his manly form,
Which, under their united rage, **275**
Now prematurely sunk in age.
He wore the seaman's colour true,
And priz'd the Highland bonnet blue.
Norman in turn, survey'd the youth;
He liked his open face of truth. **280**
He found him curious—fond to hear
A travell'd stranger's life-career;
And, while the ridge they downward hold,
His story thus the wanderer told.

NORMAN'S STORY.

From infancy to manhood I **285**
Dwelt in the lovely Isle of Skie.
A gay, unconscious, orphan child;
A stripling, thoughtless, blithe, and wild.
The toils of day unreck'd and light,
My pleasure was to rove the night, **290**

With others of my years and glee,
From beauty still to beauty free,
Till all through Slate rung Norman's fame—
Each maid's heart flutter'd at the name !
——Nay, lovely maiden, smile not thou— 295
No more the youthful Norman now !
My frame is shrunk, my cheek no more
Can boast the bloom that then it bore ;
And dim that eye which erst could make
The female heart to rapture wake ; 300
That could the fair Matilda gain
Where thousand suitors strove in vain !
This maid was sweet as summer gale,
The " Beauty " styl'd " of Armadale."
And sure a fairer never shone 305
" The sun in all his round upon !"
Oft had I bled beneath Love's dart,
But quickly heal'd my keenest smart :
What images could long remain
Where constant throng'd a novel train ! 310
But here it was, if ever, sure,
That Norman felt affection pure :
And oh ! that innocence had bless'd
Still with its reign my wretched breast !

I found the maiden in my power, 315
(Some cursed demon ruled the hour !)
And, madden'd, deaf to all request,
Robb'd her of virtue, and of rest !
Ah ! lost was now that virgin air,
And pale with grief that face so fair ! 320
Howe'er, though loath'd the yielding maid,
My visits still were duly paid,
To light till our imprudence came ;—
With sorrow stung, and fear of shame,
Without a friend to soothe, advise, 325
Resolv'd I, under other skies,
My hapless fate to follow far,
Through distant climes of peace or war !
Full of the foolish, mad intent,
My course was to the sea-ward bent. 330
Vain were the attempt with words to show
The thoughts that wrung this heart of woe,
As pass'd I by, at moonlight pale,
Matilda's home in Armadale !
When—having seen me as I pass'd— 335
My steps the mourner follow'd fast ;
And, by a hawthorn, reach'd me soon,
Where glanc'd a streamlet to the moon.

Her ringlets, all uncurled now,
Hung yellow round her snowy brow; 340
Rain'd from her eye, to which was given
The azure of the summer heaven,
Adown her cheek the tear-drops fell
Like dew upon a pale heath-bell;
Wild was her accent;—"Thought I e'er 345
Usage like this from thee to bear?
Was it for this I fondly hung
Upon my praise from Norman's tongue?
Num'rous as drops of April rain,
Have all thy vows been vow'd in vain? 350
Will no remorse, no pity wake
Within thee for Matilda's sake?
And canst thou doom to woe and shame
That once ador'd, once flatter'd name?—
Oh! yet bethink thee of thy child, 355
Mid sorrow, and distraction wild,
Soon to be born, if thus, ingrate,
Its father still persists to hate!"
If power infernal had not steel'd
My heart, these words had made it yield; 360
And, bless'd with love and peace at home,
Norman had never thought to roam;

And oh ! what dangers, woes, and toil

Had miss'd me in my native Isle !

After false promises of bliss, **365**

And oft repeated farewell-kiss,

I left the unsuspecting fair

To all the tortures of despair ;

And soon in Glasgow's city found

A Scottish Band to India bound. **370**

A fitter time may come, kind youth,

To tell thee out this tale of truth ;

What dangers ran, what toils we bore

Ere we arriv'd at Kingston's shore ;

How, in that pestilential day, **375**

Our army sicken'd, died away ;

What numbers fell, for Britain's right,

In close-pliéd siege, and open fight ;

And, nine years past, how small a train

Beheld their native land again ! **380**

Companion of my toils and way,

Old Donald left me yesterday ;

By him I soon from Skie shall know

My future bliss or future woe.

If yet she lives—unmarried still— **385**

With love repay her wrongs I will :

While Chelsea's annual bounty free
Shall happy make my fair and me !
If she has fallen—as much I fear—
I still can wander ! and shall ne'er
Visit my native Island more ;

390

Since come too late to save
Her whom my tears can not restore,
For whom remorse hath stung me sore,
Matilda from the grave !”

395

The tear was in poor Norman's eye ;
Nor was thy cheek, fair Anna ! dry ;
Sylvander deem'd the woeful tale
Might furnish theme for plaintive wail.
And while he comfort spoke, was heard
The gen'rous Albert's warning word.
For now the crowded ridge-ends yield,
The bands fly scatter'd through the field
For coat or bottle, hat or shawl ;
And, hook on arm, re-meeting all,
With jest, and laugh, and merry lay,
So blithe they went their homeward way.

400

405

The glorious sun, o'er Higgypt* hung,
His setting rays obliquely flung,

And bade the landscape smile ; **410**

Extended lay—a varied scene !

The crossing lines of hawthorns green,
The yellow fields, with woods between,
And halls and hamlets glancing sheen

For many a lovely mile ! **415**

So clear the evening, and so still

The curious eye could mark
Thy fam'd kine noble Tankerville !

Graze in their verdant park ;

Thy Mount, fair Alnwick ! tow'ring high **420**
Against the distant azure sky,

Where—durst a foreign band
Threaten our sea-encircled coast,—
(As late, Napoleon ! was thy boast,)

The beacon, blazing grand, **425**
Would bid the heroes of the North,
Around their Percy sally forth,
And guard their native land !

* One of the Cheviot mountains.

She, once, was heroine of each strain, 475
But now she mourns her faithless swain ;
Such strains have sung of Anna's bloom,
And such at last shall be her doom.—
A foolish maiden I!"—" Oh, no,
My charming Anna, say not so ! 480
Did such as thou, allur'd away
By fairer face, or mien more gay,
Desert short space a lover true,
Until reflection made her sue
Once more for grace, by look or sigh,— 485
Oh ! who could view her watery eye,
Could view her all in mournful charms,
Nor rush with rapture to her arms !
But when, in love's wiles hackney'd long,
A maid would wound a feeling heart, 490
'Tis meet she feel—what else were wrong—
Her due, neglect's envenom'd smart.
Thus did that maid ; though fairer face,
Save Anna's, ne'er my song did grace ;
And finer form was never seen ; 495
But ill agreed with form and mien
Her sordid soul, that could forego
The hopes which youth and beauty gave,

ould on doted age bestow
 age just tottering o'er the grave— 500
 harms as seldom bloom below !
 ave we her; Malvina fair
 to thee and banks of Aire;
 elcome Roddam's humblest bower,
 'd by Calder's fairest Flower ! 505
 had I known, on banks of Aire,
 der bloom'd a Flower so fair;
 uch a Flower was destin'd mine;
 oy ! and can I once repine,
 ills oppress and poverty, 510
 hou, sweet Anna ! smil'st on me !
 , my fair, thy smile of love
 an richest mines above.
 sordid souls that can be low
 arter bliss for wealth and show; 515
 not their state,—nor long
 ore than love, and love-taught song !
 na true, kind Heaven shall grant
 ent to supply our want,
 heviot hills that heard my young, 520
 ear my latest wild notes sung.

Dear mountains ! to my fathers dear !
How oft did Fancy wander here ;
How oft, in dreams, ye sooth'd my pain !
Ye are Sylvander's once again ! 525
And never more my steps shall roam
From your dear shade, and native home.”
Calder's green lea they pass'd the while,
And now they reach'd the village stile,
Where milking-pails did waiting stand 530
For two sweet lingerers of the band.
Sweet Anna stoop'd to seize her own,
And in a moment had been gone,
For low'd her spotty in the loan ;
But as she turn'd, Sylvander staid, 535
With gentle grasp, the blushing maid,
And while she chided sweet at this,
Press'd on her rosy lips a kiss.—
Just then blithe Jessy and her swain
In loving talk the stile did gain, 540
And seizing there her milking-pail
The two sweet virgins trod the dale,
Charming with songs the evening gale ;
While hastened, gaily-happy too,
To Albert's hall the lovers true. 545

kes on the board the healthy fare ;
 , from the fire, is pottage there ;
 entral bowl's capacious round
 aving floods of milk is crown'd.
 sit, with grace, or none at all ; 550
 sports the children shake the hall.
 der hopes of Albert come,
 ss the clamours of the dome ;
 selves their years but children tell,
 aid the mirth they came to quell. 555

ilder ! scene of guileless youth !
 e of virtue, love, and truth !
 often, in thy lowly hall,
 nder rous'd the village-ball !
 ich, the pompous, and the vain 560
 reat his low mirth with disdain,
 e'er did Lover of the Muse
 cle pleasure once refuse.
 , though the tones he drew were rough,
 mrades priz'd them—'twas enough ; 565
 ven to Albert's kitchen came
 ire and daughter, child and dame,

And foremost there, in such an hour,
Came Jessy blithe, and Calder's Flower ;
Oft has he view'd with rapture-glance, 570
These beauties lead the simple dance,
Before their smile while striplings plied,
And pleas'd each anxious mother eyed,—
And felt as exquisite a joy

His pleasure-lightened bosom buoy, 575
As when—that bosom all on flame—
He pour'd in song his Anna's name !

Then, all dispersed, when frequent bark
To maid foretold the coming spark ;
When windows, darkened, flash'd, by turns, 580
Betray'd the lone hearth's dying burns ;
How heavenly did he deem to join
The pious prayer, the psalm divine ;
While, mix'd with Albert's raptures high,
His spirit soar'd beyond the sky 585
Where zephyrs fan, with heaven's perfume,
A land of light—a land of bloom !

So pass'd that Harvest eve, until
The village lay in slumber still,
And dreams—by blameless fancy borne— 590
Were broken by the rousing morn.

morn arose ; that noon went by ;
 evening gilt the western sky ;
 lowed day, with sunshine still,
 fresh gales fanning vale and hill. 595
 Well-dried shocks, so lately shorn,
 -built wains were homeward borne ;
 in tall ricks successive piled,
 aceful in the sunbeams smiled,
 erry driver drew his rein, 600
 tled to the fields again.

oddam's Harvest pass'd away,
 own'd its last, and merriest day.
 y the master's bosom glow'd
 re superior to his God. 605
 us had given the sun to smile
 t at last as all the while.
 t that sun a kinder glance
 o'er the landscape's fair expanse,
 g health, content, and joy, 610
 am'd that day from Albert's eye ;
 among his social train
 an their usual mirth to reign.

To sing that mirth were but to stay
 The closing notes of tedious lay ;
 Each fancy, therefore, must pourtray
 That day's superior glee ;

615

How danced, by turns, the Harvest boon
 From early morn to glowing noon,
 While played the fiddle many a tune
 Behind them merrily ;

620

How Nelson laugh'd—how Ellen wheeled—
 How gracefully our lovers reeled—
 While, echoing, rung from field to field
 Shouts of their revelry.

625

“ But where is Norman ? ”—Norman now
 Perchance is happy in his vow !
 A letter came ; he wept,—although
 His tears seem'd more through joy than woe.
 Sylvander's hand he kindly shook
 As he his hurried farewell took.
 I know no more—but Fortune's smile
 Attend him in his native Isle !

630

At length the blithe rout crouding press
 Around the last stalks of the neas.

635

customs of the times of old
 o'er the peasant's bosom hold,
 'd from those who never more
 swell the merry, final roar;
 feel alike—laid cold and low— 640
 wintry storm, and summer glow!
 his unthought of—each is fain
 ast prophetic cut to gain,
 who, 'tis said, comes off with this,
 taste the first of wedded bliss. 645
 through the youthful and the fair—
 Roddam's Maid, exert thee there!
 her year bloom not in vain;
 and secure yon mountain swain!
 wiley lass behind the rout 650
 l, till they rais'd the merry shout,
 stooping cut her rip conceal'd,
 wav'd in triumph o'er the field!
 hing they view'd—but ah! 'twas vain;
 he first wedded of the train. 655
 dy in Sylvander's soul
 nattrimonial raptures roll;
 e to-morrow's dawn be light,
 stream shall hear the nuptial rite;

And Tweed's pure waters murmur by 669
 Beneath the bedding revelry !*

With many a mingled "Kirie-hoo!"
 To Calder slow the reapers drew;
 Down Roddam's dells the echoes flew.
 But when they met the hall before 665
 Cunnion and Heddin gave the roar;
 Thrice rose the shouting of the train,
 And thrice the mountains rung again;
 Then, parting, youthful fancies roam
 Upon the coming harvest-home. 670

The eastern clouds their folds unclose;
 The eastern moon in beauty rose.
 Already to the music's sound
 The granary shook, the reels went round,
 And tins with frothing beverage crown'd. 675
 But in her father's cottage shade
 Sylvander with his bride yet staid.
 Emblem of virgin purity.
 Dress'd in a snow-white gown was she;

* The Author alludes to the well known Ceremony of
 throwing the stocking, &c.

eel, but plain ;—no gaudy show 680
 fills her form of beauty deck'd ;
 bbands in luxuriant blow,
 ch'd love in youth, in age respect.
 d her hair in ringlets fine ;
 comb that held the raven twine, 685
 given by him who fondly press'd
 to his heart, and thus address'd ;—
 charming Anna ! since my soul
 own'd thy beauty's sweet controul,
 noon—whose beams of silvery hue 690
 purely through thy window blue—
 twelve times, full, o'er heath and lea
 ed my steps to love and thee.
 wandering back o'er Heddin brae,
 often has that silent ray, 695
 dm upon the heath it shone,
 eart-felt raptures heard alone !
 knowest my heart is only thine,
 oh ! this very night be mine !
 all yon moon, that witnessed oft 700
 lover's songs at midnight soft,
 t our fond step, with favouring beam,
 'weeda's silver-flowing stream."

"'Twould please me more, my lovely maid !
If legal church-rites meet were paid ; 705
It were my highest joy and pride
To have thee nam'd my bonny bride ;
But penury this, alas ! denies ;—
Yet deem not, Anna ! but the ties,
The mutual love, the plighted vow 710
Are holy and as binding—now—
As if a priest the knot had framed,
And husband, wife, us solemn named.
Why scruple then ?—away we go ;
Thy hand, my love ! come weal or woe !" 715
" My charming maid ! loth would I be
To bring thee into misery ;
But he who stills the raven's cry
Will bend on us benignant eye !
And when true Candour sees the lays 720
I've sung in many a virgin's praise,
In thine, too, love !—the sweetest smile
That e'er did Poet's song beguile—
These lays may bring our humble cot
A competency—happiest lot ! 725
Come then my own, with me advance,
A while we join the merry dance,

Then take the way—Oh glorious night!
O transport! rapture! joy! delight!"

Sylvander waited no reply ; 730

He looked but on his Anna's eye ;
He looked but on her flushing cheek,
Nor farther wish'd consent to speak.

Now, arm in arm, the lovers went
To join the scene of merriment. 735

The high-end door expanded stood,
And all the revelry they viewed :

The candles, from the rafters swung,
Upon the group their radiance flung ;
The merry ploughman ranting there, 740

The lasses shining white and rare,
With ribbands streaming—to and fro

As reeled they mingling—made a show
Like that which ancient bards have told
Of fairies on the midnight wold ; 745

Leading their moonlight revelry
To strains of elfin minstrelsy.

But well Sylvander deemed, I ween,
Was wanting there the fairy Queen,
Until his Anna light along 750

He led amid the parting throng !

With rural maids, in blooming pride,
The forms were graced on every side.
Were only Roddam's lasses fair,
Were only Roddam's youngsters there? 755
From every cot and hamlet round
Numbers at Albert's kirk were found.
Nor were they viewed by figure prim,
Importance all from head to limb,
Strutting, as if to make us see 760
How little *little man* can be.
Of pleasing mien, and cheerful mood,
One of the throng the master stood;
Handed, himself, the beverage free,
And felt, and own'd he felt the glee. 765
While his lov'd sister not disdained
To mingle in the mirth that reigned;
Or bid his girls, in sweet amaze,
Skip, blooming, through the novel maze!
His strings the blind musician swept: 770
Quick o'er the floor the dancers stept;
Arranged was there no modish line,
Where all must wait their turns to shine,
With simpered smile and formal bow;
No polished manners smoothed the brow; 775

No measured step by master taught ;—
With nature's grace, and light as thought,
From end to end, from side to side,
Were skip, and bound, and shuffle, plied.
They reeled—they set ; 'twas bliss the while, 780
Eye glanc'd to eye, and smile met smile.
They reeled—they set, to favourite air
Of " Miss M'Leod," or " Calder-fair."
The rafters shook their lights suspended ;
As dancing too, the board-floor bended ; 785
The Barrel, in the western nook,
The universal stir partook ;
Nor sat unmov'd the jovial core
Who there awak'd the merry roar,
The elder sires, who many a year 790
Had tasted Albert's harvest cheer.
Joyous they drank, and joyous sent
The ale around sans compliment,
With many a tale, remembered long,
And many a jest and half sung song, 795
And many a jeer now feigned, but truth,
Flung on the partners of their youth,—
" They heed not them ! and yet in sooth,
The poor things must not want ;"

Then forth the frothing tins must go
To where the matrons in a row,
Sit, cheery, and enjoy the show
Where sons or daughters flaunt.

There bounded Jessy, blithe and fair,
Her favourite lover shuffled there ;
And there thy virgin, Roddam ! sprung,
Reeled round her partners, skipped, and flung
While distant shout and laughter loud
Hailed her the nimblest of the crowd.
Old Nelson there, in figured dress
So antic you might almost guess
It flourished in the days of Bess,
With thumbs erect, or gown outspread,
The dance with equal pleasure led,
And called on Tray, his course who took
With frequent bark, and joyous look !

But oh ! by far the lightest reeled
The graceful Anna there ;
Whom every site and turn revealed
The fairest of the fair !

As when to lover, wandering far
Beneath the beams of evening's star
 So beautifully serene,
Now hid the gathered clouds among,
Now lovely, as they sweep along, 825
 That star shines out between ;
So did angelic Anna glance,
Now here, now there, amid the dance,
 Of every eye the star !
At length her lover true, afraid 830
To tire the soul-enchancing maid,
 (For Coldstream way was far)
Took her dear hand, and mov'd with pride
While merrily struck up " Tweedside ;"
That done, in triumph led his bride 835
 The glad Sylvander out !
Short space the train but deem'd them gone,
And hence enquiring pause was none,
But merrier still the reels went on,
 And merrier rose the shout. 840
It rose—till quick and glibly now
Slid o'er the strings the silent bow,
And you the laugh and slap might see,
Not hear, where mixed the old in glee.

It rose—till round the forms were pushed, 845
The latest rills the barrel gushed,
When pale dawn opened on the view,
And cocks in chorus loudly crew !

The generous master—absent long—
Was entering then amid the throng. 850
A ploughman youth attendant bare
A pitcher reeking, rich and rare.
In Albert's hand the glasses glanced,
The music ceas'd as he advanced ;
And many a stripling pressed and shoved 855
To get beside the fair he loved ;
And, arm round neck or lovely waist,
From end to end the forms were graced.

Albert, himself, with pleasing smile,
Serv'd round the whiskey-punch the while. 860
They drank his health who gave the cheer,
The master generous, frank, and dear.
Then, arm in arm, went off the young ;
The old men ranted, laughed, and sung ;
The candles gilt the scene no more, 865
And fast was barred the granary-door ;
Ne'er to be graced with such a train
Till merry Harvest comes again.

CONCLUSION.

'Tis done—the simple melody !
Does censure with malignant eye 870
 The lowly theme regard ?
Does lordly pride's contemptuous sneer,
Does learned genius' look severe
 Abash the unletter'd bard ?
Inquiries, cease ! such cares above, 875
The business of my life is—love,
 And love my dear reward !
Enough for me, that still my harp
 Fair Anna's smile can gain ;
Enough for me—let envy carp— 880
 Good Albert loves the strain !
Live then my song ! beloved as known,
With those thou hop'st to please alone,
 While life is theirs below ;
And when—like flowers whose reign is o'er— 885
Good Albert's name is heard no more,
 Nor Anna's beauties blow ;

Contented sink, unknown, unseen,
Calm as thou never sung hadst been ;
Calm as thine Author, whom the green,
 Unnoticed turf shall cover ;
For still shall Cheviot's mountains dun
Smile in the beams of morning's sun ;
And HARVEST PLEASURES ever run,
When sleeps the Bard—the ardent Lover !

THE END OF HARVEST.

MISCELLANEOUS
PIECES.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ON THE EVER-TO-BE-LAMENTED

D E A T H

OR

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

Princess Charlotte of Wales.

LONG hath a Cloud over Britain impended,

Lowering with thunder, with terror, and woe,
Fiery its fringes, where'er they extended,

To blast our proud groves, and our cities o'erthrow.

All gazed in mute horror to see it expand ;

But now it hath burst—and our cities yet stand—

For it burst on the Glory, the Pride of our land,

And the Hope of her country lies silent and low !

Mourn, COBBOURG, mourn ! for thy joy-blooms are
 blighted ;

Mourn ! for the *years* yet with rapture to glow ;
Mourn ! for the *time* when her sweet smiles delighted ;

 This ne'er to return, and those never can flow !
Mourn ! for thy high hopes are vanished and gone ;
She is cold, whose bright form should have honoured
 our throne !

Wave, Britain, thy dark flags o'er Excellence flown,
 The Hope of her country lies silent and low !

Far from the land where thy thoughts must be often,
 Though shamefully spurned it, to wander in woe,
Oh Princess ! what balm thy deep anguish will soften,
 When the heart-rending tidings thy stunned ear
 shall know ?

Thou late hadst a child whence thou comfort mightst
 borrow,

Whose love could defend thee in scorn and in sorrow,
But thy night hath commenced in despair of a
 morrow !—

 The Hope of her country lies silent and low !

Long shall arise from the green vale of Erin,
 From Scotia's mountains of heath or of snow,
 The wail of the harp, and the voice of despairing,
 Lamenting the Flower that now ceases to blow.
 Awake, Bards of England! the woe-sounding shell;
 The *Worth* we have lost to posterity tell;
 The wise and the good the sad chorus shall swell—
 "The Hope of her country lies silent and low!"

SONG.

THE eve was still, the sun had fled,
 The crimson o'er the west was spread,
 A maiden to the mountain sped,
 To mourn her hapless lover.
 Cold, cold he lies on Brussels' plain,
 The best, the bravest of the slain;
 His matchless courage was in vain,
 His bright career is over!
 But Oh, fair maiden, cease to sigh;
 'Twas Heaven decreed thy love to die;
 He's gone to wait for thee on high—
 Then cease to mourn thy lover.

94 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Maiden! I'll bring the tartan plaid,
The Highland cap, with plume of red,
In which thy gallant soldier bled,

To mind thee of thy lover.

The tartan o'er thy bosom throw,
Thy faithful heart will warmer glow,
Till thou, Oh lovely maiden, go

On high to meet thy lover!

SONG.

AWAKE my beloved! from the sleep of the blest,
Awake from thy dreams of the youth thou lovest
best,

For far have I come over mountain and lea,
Oh, fondly have hasted to love and to thee!

The candles of heaven are shining above,
The moon gave her fair beams to light me to love;
Now dark is the mountain, and dreary the lea,
The moon's in the west, love, and I am with thee.

The moments of rapture that o'er us have flown,
When I pressed to my bosom, and called thee my
own,

These thoughts climbed the mountain, crossed valley
and lea,

Luxurious reflections ! these led me to thee !

The kiss that thou gavest untainted I bring—
Who will, let them envy the bliss of a king ;
She opens !—that smile is a heaven to me !
One night more of rapture with love and with thee !

THE BEACON.

PURPLING the low-hung vault of night,
Blazes a fire on Cheviot's height !
'Tis not a heath-flame, burning high,
That glances on the midnight sky,
No shepherds, yonder, dance and sing,
No maidens lead the mazy ring ;—
Yon steady beacon, seen afar,
Rouses Northumbria's sons to war !

And many a breast for fame is glowing,
And many a parent's tear is flowing,
And many a maiden's full heart starting
At thought of an eternal parting !
But bravest of the Border sons,
And loveliest of the Border daughters,
Was Edgar, bred where Beaumont runs,
And Rosabelle, by Glen's fair waters.
Young Edgar sought his lover's bower ;—
Still in her eye the signal keeping,
Anticipating battle's hour,
Alone she sat—alone and weeping.
“ Yon Beacon-flames of war that tell,
Give to my soul a warrior's glee,
Chastised alone, my Rosabelle,
Because they speak of fear to thee !
Douglass his fierce marauders leads,
E'en now red Murder stalks our vales,
Dies with Northumbrian blood our meads,
While infants shriek, and Beauty wails.
And yon the signal Percy rears
On Cheviot's mountain, warning all
His thousand thousand Border spears
To rise—that Border's iron wall

And O ! to-morrow's dawn shall see
(Why stays the lingering hour afar)
Thy banner, Percy ! waving free
Above the sons of fame and war !
The Scottish plunderers then shall feel
His power they now affect to spurn ;
And thine own Edgar, ever leel,
With glory to his love return !"

He said—nor more had time to say ;
The armed bands were hurrying by ;
And youthful Edgar must away,
Nor think upon her look and sigh !
By Breamish stream was battle fought ;
There Scotland's army fled or fell ;
The gallant Edgar wonders wrought,
And safe returned to Rosabelle.

THE ROSE.

WHERE yonder little streamlet flows,

With many a purl, and gentle fall,

I found a pretty wilding rose,

And set it by my garden-wall.

I watered it at morn and noon,

I tended it at close of day,

The Blackbird gave his softest tune,

The merry Lark his blithest lay.

It fairer bloomed ; and from its stem

Soon many a fragrant branch was spread,

Where, image of the parent-gem,

Each rose-bud oped its bosom red.

But—woe to speak ! a killing gale

From Heddin's wintry wilds did blow ;

It turned my rose's crimson pale,

And, withering, laid its beauty low !



ABSENCE.

ON the brown withered fern of the mountain
 The moon spreads a soft dewy gleam ;
 By the side of the clear-springing fountain
 Let my senses dissolve in a dream.

Oh, bear me, ye zephyrs, to Calder !
 To the arms of my Anna I'll move ;
 There walk by the stream fringed with alder,
 And all our discourse shall be love.
 Oh come, with thy gesture of heaven !
 Oh come, with thy black-glancing eye !
 Oh come, with thy locks of the raven !
 Oh come, with thy cheek's rosy die !

How sweetly the riv'let is streaming
 Beneath the bright rays of the moon !
 Like thine eye it is wandering, and beaming—
 Thy lip—nay, deny not the boon !

100 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Why, Anna ! that blush on thy cheek, love,
What means that sweet smile—and that eye—
It glances as if it would speak, love,
I flatter not.—Flattery's a lie !

By yon moon, on her cloud of soft azure !
While the life-blood is warm in my heart
I will ever esteem thee a treasure,
From whom it were death to depart !
Oh, whence is this dream of delusion ?
For far is my Anna from here :
Yet fly not, thou sweetest illusion,
Else Absence my bosom will tear !

TWEED.

Written in Yorkshire.

HERE sad I lie on banks of flowers,
 That bloom to me in vain !
 Not all the beauty of the scene
 Can soothe my bosom's pain.
 The setting beam shines on the stream,
 And lights the golden mead ;—
 But far away the meadows gay
 That bloom by lovely Tweed !

As forth alone I musing rove
 Along the evening vale,
 The cuckoo sings amid the grove,
 The milk-maid o'er her pail.
 The banks of Aire, though blooming fair,
 Forgetfully I tread !
 And in my ear her murmurs hear ;—
 I start—it is not Tweed !

I careless mark the alders blush
That shade the downward sky ;
Nor heed the lightly-springing fish,
Quick-glancing on the eye.
The birds of song their notes prolong
From forest, lawn, and mead ;
But what can cheer my heart or ear
Afar from lovely Tweed !
Sweet stream ! in musing on thy scenes
I pass full many an hour :
For on thy banks my Mary dwells,
The Border's fairest Flower !
To so much grace, and charm of face,
A bard ne'er tuned the reed.—
May friends caress, and fortune bless
My Mary of the Tweed !

THE PARTING.

In mournful pomp the sun appears
Above the ruffled sea,
So sad should dawn the day that tears
Me, sweetest maid, from thee !
Why views my love upon the shore
Yon billows, dashing, roll ;
Seem they, with deeply-solemn roar,
Our parting knell to toll ?
Oh ! be such thoughts from thee afar
Our bark is swift and strong,
And prompt is every hardy tar
To guide that bark along.
Through distant seas, to burning shores
What though our course we steer ?
That Heaven my beauteous maid adores
Can safe return us here.
Then may some day, with favouring gale,
O'er summer's sun-bright sea,
Give me again these coasts to hail,
And make me blest with thee !

EPIGRAM.

A PASTOR, the glory and pride of his kind,
As gentle in manners, as noble in mind,
Though zealous, yet candid,—the first to befriend,
And his light to wild Error the foremost to lend;
Late, fond of reclaiming a zigzagging brother,
Gave him—Chalmers, or Paley,—it matters not
whether,
And told him such proofs, if dissected with candour,
Would raise him from *earth*, and direct him to gran-
deur.
The sceptic received it and thanked him,—his way
Over mountain and valley, through moor and marsh
lay:
When poring intently, as faded the light,
In a ditch deep before him he plung'd out of sight.
Emerging bedaubed, he exclaimed by his blood,
“Where’er you may lead, you’ve led first into *mud*!”

HYMN.

WHEN moon and stars around our globe
 Nocturnal light diffuse,
 Thine is the calm, the silvery robe,
 And thine the twinkling dew.
 The nightingale from yonder boughs
 Enchants the listening dell;
 By thee the winds the lengthened close,
 And soft melodious swell.

When morns of incense, song, and bloom,
 Their beauties all unfold,
 'Tis thou that giv'st the air perfume,
 And streak'st the skies with gold.
 The branch, green-waving in the gale,
 The flowers that paint the lea,
 The birds gay-warbling in the vale,—
 All have their charms from thee.

106 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

When evening, in her crimson vest,
Bestows her farewell shine,
The songs that lull the grove to rest,
Those mingled songs are thine.
Oh! may I ever thus, my God!
Thy fair creation scan,
And please thee, by thy gifts bestowed,
Used in the good of man!

ANNA'S DEPARTURE.

NOW blight Roddamia's lovely woods,
Stay every warbler's song;
And Winter, freeze the dashing floods
That sweep her glens along;—
These smiling scenes but mock my pain;
Then breathe, ye hills, the storm!
She flies, to grace Salopia's plain
With Beauty's finest form.

Sweet Anna flies ! not purest love
 Could here entice her stay ;
What then could mountain, stream, and grove,
 For she had seen more gay ?
Oh, favoured, and most envied youth,
 Thou art unknown to me,
But bless her heart of love and truth,
 For she is true to thee !

Farewell ! be happy, first of maids !
 And—if my boon be due—
Oh, sometimes think of Roddam's shades,
 And him that loved so true !
For me,—within my bosom's core
 Thine image long shall be,
And oft Poetic Fancy pour
 Her sweetest song to thee !

TO MISS B.

When my love thou meetest,

When my love thou greetest,

—Fair Salopia's sweetest—

Oh, remember me!

If she mentions Heddin,

Nor her fine eye gladden,

Nor her fair cheek reddin,

Name not—never—me!

But if speaks deep blossom

Flutterings of her bosom,

Though no word disclose 'em,

Oh remember me!

Tell her she is dearest

In my heart sincerest,

Sweetest, best, and nearest,—

Though afar from me!

Tell her—since she parted,
 Smiles by me once courted
 Are, for her, deserted,
 She alone must reign :—
 If the tidings cheer her,
 Paint me dear, and dearer,—
 Then—with fortune clearer—
 We may meet again !

EPISTLE TO MISS ———

Friend of my Anna ! chide me not,
 Nor call my heart untrue ;
 Nor deem those hours so soon forgot
 That gave such charms to view.

Thou sawest, dear ———, the parting kiss,
 Nor failed thy tears to start ;
 The mingled pangs thou couldst but guess
 That struggled in my heart !

Since then—and now a month has flown—

No joy hath beamed on me ;

My thoughts have been of her alone

Who never mine can be !

Recal our walk to yonder Pile,*

And if thou ask me why

So silent and so sad the while

I trod, and heaved the sigh?

Oh—then reflect—each scene we passed

With her I'd passed before ;

And every stream our path that crossed,

This arm had borne her o'er !

Oh then reflect—~~in~~ those same prayers,

From pious lips that flowed,

My raptured soul's desires, with hers,

Had—mingled—flown to God !

* Ingram Church.

Yon massy Dome,* so planked and walled
To which her glance was given,
Her now lost image still recalled,
And stole a thought from heaven!

The morn may, bright from Bewick fells,
Our lovely vales explore;
The moon may light Roddamia's dells;
They see her there no more!

E'en sleep, that brings the weary rest,
Brings none, dear ———, to me;
For wild and troublous dreams molest
My wayward fantasy.

'Twas thus of late, —methought again
In the dear room we met;
Thyself wast there, and mid the train,
My lovely maid was set.

* Ingram Church.

The same fine form—her look, I saw,
But faded was the die,

Which erst did on her fair cheek glow,
And tearful was her eye :

All mute she sat ; round pleasure flew,
In laugh, and jest, and lay ;

Her eye no object seemed to view,
Her heart was far away !

At length—methought—my fiddle rung
A mirth-inspiring air,

(The same to which she oft had sprung
The fairest of the fair.)

Her sorrow fled—and came anew
Her cheek's celestial die ;

The dance, in beauty, moved she through,
With pleasure-sparkling eye !

The group dispersed—I knew not where,
And left me all alone !—

I waked, to mourn the illusion fair
For ever, ever gone !—

Thou know'st that hopeless is my flame,
 Her heart was bound before,
 And wouldst thou then my efforts blame
 To mourn her loss no more ?

No—friend of Anna ! blame me not,
 Because in scenes of glee
 I mix, to drive her from my thought,
 Who thinks no more of me !

But vain the dance—and vain the song—
 I cannot sorrow spurn ;
 And her dear image long—Oh long
 Must on my soul return !

May ne'er, dear ———, so hard a doom
 Thy constant bosom wring ;
 But love and happiness—in bloom—
 Make all thy life a spring !

ON MISS D——'s MARRIAGE.

And is she gone ! the lovely maid—

And is she gone—and gone for ever !

Ah, whither all my raptures fled

When hope foretold we ne'er should sever !

Convinced that all is o'er—I rave,

Regret 'twas e'er my fate to love her ;

That for her sake I deemed a grave

A land* where beauty smiles all over.

The lovely maid on Tweed afar,

All seemed a melancholy vision ;

Ne'er knew my soul what pleasures were

Save when we met in dream's elysium :

Oh, then in all her charms she shone,

Sweet as the rose's dewy blossom,

And loving, loving was her tone,

And soft the sigh that heaved her bosom !

* Yorkshire.

Farewell ! farewell !——all joy be thine,
 Which wedded life and love can give thee :
 Painful regret be only mine,
 Regret, I never can outlive thee !

But should his base, ungrateful soul
 E'er dare to make thee tremble under,
 Oh, could my feelings bear controul,
 Nor hurl, myself, the avenging thunder !

Alas ! (but Heaven avert such woe !)
 Should thus thy hapless fate beset thee,
 Whatever pangs we both should know,
 Yet thou must weep—and I forget thee !

HEROISM.

I have borne the breeze's swing
 Over many a stormy sea,
 Battled blithe for land and king,—
 Yet is this the end of me !

116 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Deem not that I shrink at death !

Dastard souls may so expire—

I have braved the cannon's breath,

Scorned the smoke, but sought the fire !

Scaffold's gloom—and soldiers armed—

Cannot daunt a soul of war ;

And the millions they have harmed

May revenge their famished Tar !

None have I to weep for me,

Kinsman, friend, or maiden dear,

Hence my soul shall vanish free,

Close mine eyes without a tear !

Let my face uncovered be !

Let me survey to the last !—

Farewell pain and misery,

Hardship—battle—want—and blast !

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet is the dewy shinè morning discloses,
 The cool breeze is melody, health, and perfume ;
 The Ladies are wandering yon garden of posies
 Which summer has clothed in the beauty of bloom.
 Why, as they gaze on the rose's bright bosom,
 Descends sad and silent the chrystalline tear ?
 The blighting they mourn of a lovelier blossom—
 Their sister, companion, their all that was dear !
 But cease, lovely maids ! to indulge thus in sorrow ;
 Our glimpses of sunshine are transient and few,
 And the flowers that blush sweetly to-day,—ere to-
 morrow,
 All nipped by the cold blast the ground may be-
 strew.
 Your FLOWER is not fallen !—To yours it is given,
 In climes of pure pleasure, where storms are un-
 known ;
 To flourish and bloom, in the love-beams of heaven,
 While EARTH'S SUMMER rolls blissfully on !

Sacred to the Memory

OF THE

AUTHOR'S FATHER.

HERE lie the ruins of a MAN, whose name
Is reverenc'd yet by voice of rustic fame.
Of blameless life, to honour firmly true,
Although the *word*, perchance, he never knew.
For all mankind he felt the friendly glow,
And—save in Fortune—ne'er beheld his foe:
Here lie the ruins——But the spirit, where?
The brunt of rudest blasts that nobly bare;
That often, struggling with the gathered storm,
Broke through the severing clouds with brightest
form,
Or calmly smiled, superior to its woe,
At the wild mingling of the gloom below;—
Where, but in bliss? With HIM he honoured here,
To live through Heaven's interminable year.
A summer-year, where tempests never roar,
Where Fortune frowns, and troubles vex no more!

A WINTER NIGHT.

ONE robe of white invests the world,
The woods alone look dimly hoar ;
The night-winds, through the vallies swirled,
Blow cold and loud from wild Dunmore.

'Tis late—it is night's solemn noon ;
The wreathed clouds sail heavy o'er ;
Pale-looking through their folds, the moon
Scarce gilds the rivulet's icy shore.

Thick whirls the drift on Heddin-brae,—
What daring foot shall venture o'er ?
Oh Love—sweet intellectual ray !
What gloom can not thine eye explore ?

The drift may whirl on Heddin-brae ;
The wind may blow from wild Dunmore ;
True love, undamped, will take the way,
Sylvander's foot will venture o'er !

Than he to me, to miser's soul
 Not dearer heaps of coffered store ;
 To heaven my prayers have never stole,
 But his the fondest name they bore !

In song how often has he told
 My beauties and his raptures o'er ;
 Unselfish, vowed his scorn of gold,
 Or but for me would covet more !

The moon looks out, with transient smile,
 He, weary, plods the snow-deep moor ;
 Approach, dear youth ! nor fear a wile,
 Of love—eternal love secure !

DISTRACTION.

OH—dark the night!—the wind is loud!
 The distant torrent dashes ;
 With horrid roar explodes the cloud,
 The ragged lightning flashes !

Unawed by fires that cross my path,
 I brave the mingled storm,
 Courting the red-winged bolts of wrath
 To blast my virgin form !

Virgin of late !—Alas ! no more
 That hallowed name is thine—
 Oh God ! why not the thunder's roar
 Avenge such wrongs as mine !—

Pure once I was as summer sky
 When evening paints the lea ;
 My breast ne'er heaved a wish—a sigh
 But man himself might see.

The youth was lovely ;—I returned
 The flame he seemed to feel ;
 Lust only in his bosom burned—
 His bosom formed of steel !

Again it bursts ! The thunders roll,
 The lightnings singe the air ;—
 A shock as fatal feels my soul,
 The fires of death are there !

THE BARD.

THE air of midnight heaved no sigh,
Sparkled the diamonds of the sky,

On Roseden's purple brae.

The youthful Poet, sad of mood,
Alone, and for the last time, stood,
And marked Roddamie's hall and wood

That fair in moonshine lay.—

“Dear haunt of bliss! ere yet I go

Once more I seek thy dell,

One agonizing look to throw,

To breathe one sad farewell!

No spot by forest, wall, or green,

Where'er mine eye can turn,

But tells of joys that once have been,

And bids my bosom burn!

Departed lovers—false and true—

Rise lovely on my soul,

'Twas there I praised an eye of blue,

And here a kiss I stole.

There was a meeting—parting here,
With many a vow exchanged ;
We vowed in vain ;—though once sincere
Their hearts are all estranged !
My Anna ! sweetest, fairest, best !
Our moonlight walks I view ;
And—weeping—curse the hard behest
That severed hearts so true.
Ye scenes, that often saw us blessed
That bliss ye can't restore ;
For, far away, she blooms caressed
On Albion's southern shore.
Roddam, Farewell !—Let years succeed,
They change no thought of mine ;
Fancy shall leave the charms of Tweed,
And, raptured, fly to thine !"
The tear hung glistening in his eye
To Calder turned—when suddenly,
Upon his cheek there blushed
The redness of indignant ire ;
Vanished the tear, as if the fire
Which from its precincts rushed,

124 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Had in its passage burnt it dry;
And now a harsher song and high
 Of curses, wrath, and scorn
He poured on them whose souls ingrate
For love, contempt, for praise, of hate,
 Had made the base return!
That done—upon the scenes in view,
Tower, wood, and lea, one glance he threw,
 And the deep dell beneath;
Then—while his breast indignant burned,
Sullen and mute, his steps he turned,
 And strode along the heath!

THE MAID OF TWEED.

BLITHE I left the Aire's fair river,
Left her every vale and mead,
Joyous—thinking ne'er to sever—
Sought the lovely maid of Tweed!

Purest flames of love were burning,
 Hope proclaimed the hour returning,
 When pleasure should succeed to mourning,
 As I sought the maid of Tweed!

Light the clouds of Eve reposing
 Varied scarce the sky's soft blue,
 And the sun, his bright eye closing,
 O'er the land his last beams threw.
 High appeared the fair-one's towers,
 Green I saw her warbling bowers,
 Where had often flown the hours,
 As I sung the maid of Tweed.

Still the lofty oak-tree flourished
 Where I carved our names before;
 These—how oft the thought was cherished!
 Sadly pleased, she might read o'er.
 All in vain! Though love's still burning,
 Hope would tell of bliss returning,
 Pleasure must give way to mourning—
 False the lovely maid of Tweed!

Yet the haunts where we have wandered,
 To my breast are fondly dear ;
 Where my brightest years I squandered,
 Let me mourn my fate severe ;
 By the Tweed's translucent river,
 Pour my song of sorrow ever,
 Till from my bosom death shall sever
 The image of the maid of Tweed !

EPITAPH,
INTENDED FOR W. T.

AMBITION pass ! no son of thine
 Beneath this hallowed green turf sleeps ;
 Here friendship pays his rites divine,
 And virtue sighs, and pity weeps.

Does youth's bright eye explore the place ?
 Oh, here in fulness pour the tear !
 He died in bloom—in youthful grace—
 The early summer of his year !

Approach, ye fair ! nor blush to wet
 With pearls the rose and lily hue ;
 His sun of love, alas ! is set,
 Who once was warm in praise of you !

Unstained mid Cheviot wilds he bloomed,
 Thence sought the world at fortune's lour ;
 But Heaven the tender stalk resumed,
 Lest storms should blight the lovely Flower.

Yet here shall often rise the wail
 As relatives indulge their woe ;
 And youthful friendship, weeping, tell
 His friend—his TH—MS—N lies below !

ELEGY, ON THE SAME.

THERE is a state to hardened vice unknown,
 A mournful joy, a sadly pleasing mood,
 Which he, who feels it, loves to nurse alone,
 And tell his sorrows to the midnight wood ;

There, in the deepest shades of solitude,
While not a star beams o'er the clouded sky,
The echoing blast, and roaring of the flood,
And, heard at intervals, the owl's dread cry,
Mixed awful, aid the soul in hopeless sympathy !

Oh ! if, as saints have deemed and poets wrote,
Departed spirits still may hover near ;
With powers enlarged may see each secret thought,
Who heedless mind not, and who hold them dear,
Thou, TH—MS—N ! knowst my sorrow is sincere,
That not for fame I wake the plaintive strain ;
Thou seest my tortured heart—the falling tear—
The wish, half selfish, that still asks in vain
Thy soul from Happiness, thy company again !

Not keener pangs ~~can rend~~ the stripling's breast,
Whose Love relentless death has torn away,
When laid beneath the thorn, with blossoms
dressed,
Where oft, in sweet discourse, they saw the day

Departing westward shed its latest ray,
 And heard the birds enchant the vernal scene;—
 Than torture mine, when I each haunt survey
 Which we have trod at summer eve serene,
 Fair Heddin—Calder fields—and Roddam's forest
 green!

Ah! lost, for ever lost to all below,
 Thy mild, endearing, harmless gaiety.
 Thy bosom pure with love no more shall glow,
 Nor dance at thoughts of rapture yet to be!
 My Ellen weeps!—and let her tears flow free;
 I blame her not; who would not join the moan?
 Ah, ceased for ever now our rivalry!
 And ceased those pangs her partial glance alone
 Could make our bosoms feel, where purest friendship
 shone!

If high exalted thou in clime of bliss
 Of earthly comrades mindest, carest no more;
 Yet while we walk our destined round in this
 My friend—her lover still we must deplore.

The scenes that thy young steps have wandered
o'er,
Glen Heddin's side, and Creviot's lofty brow,
The rocks of Carnion, and the wild Dunmore,
Shall bring to mind the youth who now sleeps low,
Till in eternal joy shall terminate our woe !

LINES.

LIFE'S ebbing sand how nearly run !

Away, ye weeping train !

Nor hide from me yon rising sun

I ne'er may see again !

Nay—off, intruders vain !—depart !

Ellen not here—I see

None, whom I wish, from love or art,

To heave a sigh for me !

I've tried the world—have felt its throes—

And all its baseness known ;

A friend to cheer amid its woes,

I've found but one alone :

Our souls congenial purest love
 With silken bands entwined—
 These bands now burst—I soar above—
 She, bleeding, left behind!

Fair sun! no more shalt thou impart
 To me poetic fire;—
 But, 'yond thy sphere, a warmer heart
 Shall rouse a nobler lyre!
 Haste—join thy lover, heavenly fair,
 That land of bliss to see;
 For all its joys—till thou be there—
 Will not be joys to me!

THE INVITATION.

TO MR. ———

THE sunny shower of morn is fled,
 The sky is cloudless blue;
 On herb and tree the drops are spread,
 All glistening on the view.

132 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Now is the time—while mingle sweet

The warblers' sink and swell—

Now is the time for friends to meet

In fair Roddamia's dell.

Come then, my earliest, dearest friend !

(for, spite of fortune's lower,

I to that honour dare pretend)

Come in this smiling hour !

Thy Genius' bloom, and flow, and beam,

Are here resembled well

By flowers, and sunshine, song and stream,

In fair Roddamia's dell !

Of equal height, but various shade,

Here scarcely stir the trees ;

There broom, luxuriantly arrayed,

And briar fill the breeze.

But see ! my Flora trips the brow

Where tints of morning dwell ;

Ah friend ! there ne'er was bloom till now,

In fair Roddamia's dell !

Haste thee, my friend, and with thee bring
 Thy "maid of the dark-blue eye,"
 With Flora, beautiful as spring,
 'Tis she alone can vie.
 Then while we wander through the shades
 Our rapturous songs shall tell
 That happier lovers—fairer maids—
 Ne'er trod Roddamia's dell!

TO AURELIA.

FAIR stranger! destined to adorn
 Life's more exalted sphere;
 Return, to love and joy, return,
 How prized soever here!

Our freezing skies, our mountains wild,
 Cold winter's leafless tree,
 The scenes that late in summer smiled,
 Possess no charms for thee.

134 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

But could a lover's wish prevail,
The snows should leave the plain ;
The flowers of spring perfume the gale,
And woods enchant again †

Then thou, sweet maid ! might'st pleased among
Our hills and vales retire ;
Attend the forest's mingled song,
Perchance, my feeble lyre.

'Twere bliss indeed ! yet since my heart
Fond hope must never warm,
Better for me that soon we part,
While yet may break the charm.

Then go sweet maid, to pleasure go !
For pleasure waits on thee ;
Thou leav'st behind a heart of woe,—
But shed no tear for me !

Go, lovely maid, to pleasure go !
And bless a lover dear ;—
But heave no sigh for one in woe,
So distant, yet sincere !

Go, lovely maid, to pleasure go!
 Thine wedded rapture be!
 Nor waste a thought on one in woe,
 Who long will think on thee!

AURELIA'S DEPARTURE.

AND she is gone!—Affected mood
 Of manliness did tears restrain
 While yet before mine eyes she stood,
 And gave their kindly looks again;—
 But now—unseen—pour, pour like rain,
 Melt, melt my heart in grief away!
 This forest will not mock my pain,
 Nor yonder moon my plaintive lay.

Ye woods! 'twas thus in silver pride
 The softening moonbeams decked each tree,
 As oft, in beauty, by my side
 The fair Aurelia deigned to be!

136 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Through your green walks we roved so free,
And I could tell each word we said ;
Retrace each step ;—but ah ! with thee,
These steps no more I tread, sweet maid !

For thou art gone, and sadly here,
'Tis mine to wander all alone ;
In fancy still to think thee near ;
To tell the love in vain made known ;
To re-persuade, entreat ;—then moan
As the dread truth appears again ;—
Thou, dearest maid, for ever gone,
And I lament and rave in vain !

Forever gone ?—One path, no more,
There is, which cannot be retrod ;
And happier hours may yet restore
Aurelia to my wild abode.—
Ah, never !—Death's eternal road
As easily might retrodden be,
As broke the vows she made to God,
And HIM of endless constancy !

Then why thus sorrow, weep, and wail ?

Away Reflection's sickening train !

My merry harp come charm the gale,

And let me be myself again.

Fling on the breeze a sprightly strain

Till echo far the notes prolong,

And wakening birds on hill and plain

Responsive pour a mingled song !

Ah ! 'tis the sound—the same that rung

Late to my hand in Heddin-dome,

When fair Aurelia sweetly sung

In praise of my own cottage-home.

How like an angel did she roam

Amid the dance ! nor mocked a tone

Though coarse and homely ! ne'er to come

Again that hour !—My harp, begone !

My harp, farewell ! no more I bring

From thee a tone of joy or woe ;

No more my heart shall Beauty wring,

Nor Song command that heart to glow.

138 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

At length the bard must learn to know
His interest is not in the swell
Of raptures Love and Song bestow.—
To Love and Song a last farewell!

THE
AUTHOR'S PARTING ADDRESS
TO
HIS BOOK.

DEAR offspring of my brain and heart!
By summer wood and stream brought forth
In happy hours;—but now to part
'Mid the bleak tempests of the north.

Go—cheerless—from thy mountain-home,
And be the butt of ire and scorn!
These will assail thee—these will roam
With thee;—but these may all be borne.

Yet one breast—*one* I know thou'lt find,
Who, midst a censuring world, will deign
To greet thee with a welcome kind,
And hear thee sing her favourite strain.

And, haply, while remembrance swells,
Thy songs may sometimes claim a tear;
Waft back her thoughts to Cheviot fells,
To him, once to her not undear.

E'en though months, years of wedded bliss,
Ere thou arriv'st, have o'er her flown,—
'Twill be the same,—the scene—the kiss—
My love—her soul will dwell upon!

Blest Volume go!—This thy reward,
Exult, when frowns the world on thee.
The fair Aurelia's fond regard,
For thee *enough*, is *all* to me!



WHEN the Author wrote his Preface, the knowledge of his intention to Publish was confined to the narrow circle of his rustic companions. Indeed he had never anticipated more exalted Patronage. The encouragement he has since met with, however, is as great as it was unexpected. Some of the Most Noble and Learned of the land have not thought it beneath them handsomely to come forward in his assistance. And nothing prevents him from giving to their generosity all the publicity in his power but the fondly cherished hope (will it be pardoned in a young Poet ?) that he may, at a future period, produce something more worthy of being honoured by the illustrious Names, to whom he is proud to profess himself indebted.

Roddam, March 20th, 1818.





